

## THE RISING SON.

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OLDEST NEGRO JOURNAL  
... IN KANSAS CITY.

TWICE ALL  
THE REST.

The paid circulation  
of THE RISING SON  
is more than double  
the combined circulation  
of all the other  
Kansas City colored  
weekly newspapers.

PRESIDENT VERNON PLEASED.  
\$22,250 APPROPRIATED.

Thanks the Legislature Has Been Liberal  
With Quindaro University.

TOPEKA, March 13.—(Special.)  
W. T. Vernon, president of the University  
of Quindaro, is much pleased  
over the appropriation which the legislature  
has allowed his school. In discussing  
the matter he said:

The legislature has been very kind  
to us. Generally speaking, the anti-  
lynching bill is a good thing for the  
white men as well as the Negroes. But  
I, for one, do not want to feel that the  
Negroes of the state alone want such  
legislation.

The better element in my race feel  
that when it is said that they alone  
champion the same that it may be mis-  
construed as an apology for crime.  
Not so. We, as a race, have no sympathy  
with criminality and want to be  
understood as a law and order people,  
who want only that our criminal class  
shall be treated as all others before  
the law. I believe that the tendency of  
to-day is to magnify the so-called race  
question.

The same is harmful. There is no  
necessity for doing anything to widen  
the breach between the two races.  
The problem will take care of itself.  
The best white men of this country are  
willing to give a worthy Negro a  
chance in the race of life. Any other  
policy is against humanity's laws, and  
against the laws of God. The moral  
effect of the bill will be good for all  
classes. What is the interest of one,  
is the interest of the other. We stand  
or fall together. In proportion as the  
Negro is educated along the intellectual,  
moral and industrial line, does he  
become a benefit and protection to  
society.

This we realize, and so does the  
white man. Men of great souls are  
not willing to close the door of hope  
in the face of 10,000,000 Negroes.  
They are anxious that their condition  
shall improve. They realize that all  
talk of deportation is folly, and that  
the only remedy is to be found in the  
racial evolution seen every day in in-  
dividual cases where the Negroes have  
arisen from the depths of slavery and  
ignorance, to the heights of manhood  
and character. The Negro must learn  
that men have ceased to favor him  
because of his color, but he will de-  
mand of him that merit which always  
wins respect. His children must be  
placed in school and kept there.

They must be taught to labor, and  
must learn that any honorable toil  
exalts the man who performs his task  
well. The tendency to loaf on the  
streets, to regard manual labor as dis-  
honorable, is not conducive to our bet-  
terment. In keeping with this idea  
the Quindaro movement is being fos-  
tered. The Legislature of Kansas,  
composed of friends of all men, re-  
gardless of race, has just made ample  
appropriation for this work. This  
amount includes \$15,500 for main-  
tenance, \$1,500 for equipments, \$2,500  
for water plant, \$2,000 for farming  
implements and barn, \$500 for ex-  
penses of trustees and incidentals; or  
\$22,250 in all.

We will be able to take in the farm-  
er boys as well as others who desire to  
learn scientific agriculture, and allow  
the indigent and worthy to work their  
way through school. We are already  
teaching carpentry, architecture, cab-  
inet-making, printing, book-binding,  
dress-making, plain, sewing, business  
course, cooking, and the care of stock,  
and a number of useful means of em-  
ployment that will eventually do away  
with the congested conditions among  
our people who have flocked to the  
city in too great numbers.

I am more than gratified because of  
the friendship of the best white peo-  
ple of the Mississippi valley and the  
North.

I am sure that my people feel as I  
feel, that by our bravery in war, our  
industry in peace, we can make our-  
selves an element for progress and  
American glory and grandeur.

The Republic will not be ungrateful  
to a race willing to do for it as we  
are.

If the Negroes will cease to loaf,  
cease to squander their earnings as  
so many are doing, will cease to drag  
each other down, but will become an  
educated unit, as is the desire of their  
friends, and the design of God, this so-  
called race question will go glimmer-  
ing into the past. In short, upon the  
rock education—intellectual, industrial  
and moral—he builds his church, the  
very gates of hell shall not prevail  
against him.—Kansas City Journal.

We believe in a compact organiza-  
tion for the purpose of educating the  
average colored voter along higher  
ideals in politics for the purpose of  
eliminating the fakir and mercenary  
Negro from party politics and keeping  
the hoodler from mixing with the  
thoughtless Negro. It is our purpose  
to educate the Negro politically to  
believe that it is more to them to have  
proper and manly legislation, than the  
mere idea of electing some man to of-  
fice for the salary attached. To have  
the laws administered to all citizens  
alike, without regard to color or kind,  
to nominate and elect such men as  
are above hoodling and peddling pa-  
tronage, but who love their country  
and who hold the constitution as be-  
ing sacred in every particular and will  
interpret the law according to fact, re-  
garding every defender of the flag an  
American citizen, regardless of color.

Washington, March 9, 1903.  
Mr. W. H. Williams, 814 E. 8th St.  
Kansas City, Mo.

My Dear Sir: Your letter referring to  
the bill to provide pensions for ex-  
slaves has been received by Senator  
Hanna. He directs me to thank you  
for your favor, and to say that the  
bill was introduced by request, and he  
is advised that the Pensions Com-  
mittee of the Senate is not favorable  
to its passage. Yours very truly,  
ELMER DOVER,  
Private Secretary.

Where oh, where is the political  
prophet who was so positive as to  
deputies, clerkships and justice?

Kansas City, Mo., March 3, 1903.  
Office of the Postmaster,  
Publishers, Rising Son,  
Kansas City, Mo.

Sirs:  
In response to your inquiry, I beg to  
say your publication is duly entered  
as second class matter at this office  
and regularly mailed.

Very respectfully,  
J. H. HARRIS,  
Postmaster.

The Rising Son is the only paper  
published by colored people in Kansas  
City, Mo., that is entered at the post  
office as second class mail.

**THE SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.**  
A national convention of Negroes  
as advocated by the "Negro Advocate"  
of Virginia meets our approval. We  
are for a united effort on the part of  
Negroes for an even break as positive  
American citizens. He who would be  
free should and must take action. Let  
us have the convention by all means,  
but how about Cleveland or Indianapolis.

### Editor Rising Son:

Please allow space in your journal  
for an explanation which we feel is  
due the public, relative to the John  
Lange Hospital. The history of the  
hospital is well known to the public.  
The trouble we have had in the way  
of litigation, in order to establish our  
right to run a hospital is well known  
to all who have kept up with the pro-  
ceedings.

After keeping open for a few months  
and being ably supported by a gener-  
ous public, we were closed by the  
courts, which claimed we had violated  
one of the provisions of the city char-  
ter in opening without a license. The  
matter of getting a license had been  
looked in to, and reported that a li-  
cense to run a free charitable hospital,  
such as we intended to run, was not  
necessary. After opening, and finding  
a license necessary to meet the re-  
quirements of the law, as we are law-  
abiding citizens, we applied to the  
proper authority for a license, but were  
refused.

We had bought the property at 1227  
Michigan avenue, at a cost of \$4,000, on  
which we had made several payments.  
When we were forced to close, there  
was no way of meeting our notes,  
which fell due each month. The holder  
of the notes was about to close in on  
us. We tried for two months to get  
sale for the property, but without suc-  
cess. When we found there was no  
way to save it, and rather than have  
it fall into the hands of other parties,  
considered an offer from Dr. Unthank  
of \$2,500, just what it cost.

He also bought enough of the fur-  
niture at cost price to cover some out-  
standing debts.

The rest of the furniture has been  
stored, ready for use when we find a  
suitable place. Yours,  
BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

There is no reason why the Pilgrim  
Baptist church should not have a clean  
pulpit.

The Roosevelt Club and the new line  
up among the boys is progressing nicely.

If you are in a glass house be care-  
ful how you throw stones.

A man may feel like a king, and his  
wife like a queen, but the baby is gen-  
erally the ace.

## A DAY OF SUN.

Rain—and rain—and rain.  
All through the nights and days  
While beautiful autumn, bedrenched and  
cold,  
Goes speeding along her ways.  
Darkness and silence in wood and field;  
Dullness in street and mart;  
And all the rain's sadness, so strange and  
vague,  
Trembling within man's heart.

Sun—on the fields and the sweet, wet  
woods;  
Light in the bustling street;  
Warm, tender liftings of growing things  
Beaten to rest retreat.  
Joy, like the birth of a great, glad love  
Into a life of pain.  
Comes to the earth, in a day of sun  
After the rain—the rain!

## THE LITTLE FLORIST

They were neighbors.  
He was a florist, and had hopes of  
making a good living. She was mak-  
ing a prosperous living by managing  
an inherited nursery. He was young.  
She was younger. There similarity  
ceased. He was rugged, uncultured,  
plain, rough, with a certain charm of  
virile, forceful homeliness difficult to  
analyze. She was pretty, college bred,  
aristocratic. He believed in brawn  
and brain. She believed in blood and  
breeding.

They were not neighborly. She  
called herself a "horticulturist." He  
was merely a florist. Of course, Dick  
Russell was a bachelor, and in love.  
"Why don't you stick up a house on  
your grounds?" asked Uncle William  
one night as he and Dick sat smoking  
a good-night pipe in the porch.  
"Can't afford it," said Dick, curtly.  
"I'm putting every penny I can raise  
into that gas machine I'm building in  
the nursery."

"Foolish, too! Who ever heard tell  
of raisin' flowers or fruit with gas?  
It's agin Nature."  
"You'll see," said Dick, with a fierce  
puff at his pipe and a far away look in  
his blue eyes.

"It's perfectly scandalous!" sniffed  
Aunt William one bitterly cold Febru-  
ary evening as she sat by the kitchen  
fire mending a pair of Dick's socks.  
"Which?" asked William, looking  
up from his newspaper absent-mindedly.

"Dick's goin'-on."  
"Where's he goin' now?" he asked,  
his mind still on the paper.  
"Don't you know?" she demanded,  
looking at him severely, "that Dick is  
a-spendin' ev'ry penny he's got in  
the world for a big black machine an'  
a lot of rusty pipes?"

Uncle William looked crushed.  
"Listen!" she said, suddenly, hold-  
ing up one of Dick's socks warningly.  
Borne on the crisp night-air there  
came the distant ringing blow of ham-  
mer upon steel.

Just then the telephone bell rang  
loudly.  
"Goodness me!" exclaimed William  
almost dropping the lamp. Stepping  
to the instrument he put the receiver  
to his ear.

"Is Dick Russell there?" asked an  
unfamiliar voice.  
"No. He's away at work on his  
gas engine."

"Will you take a message to him at  
once?"  
"Who're you?"

"Never mind me. Here's the mes-  
sage—it's important. Tell Russell  
that the weather clerk wires, 'Severe  
frost to-night.' Good-bye."

A tramp of about two hundred yards  
through the snow brought Uncle Wil-  
liam to the "gassy madhouse," as  
Dick's neighbors politely called the  
structure.

"Who's that?" asked Dick's voice  
from within.  
"Me—Uncle Bill."

"What's up?"

"There's to be a severe frost to-  
night. Weather expert says so. An'  
I'm a-freezin' out here."

Dick swung the door wide open.  
"So there's going to be a big frost



"I'm Putting Every Penny into That  
Gas Machine."

To-night, eh? Did you notice what the  
thermometer said when you left home?

"It said five below zero."

Picking up the lantern, Dick hurried  
outside the door and consulted his  
own thermometer.

"Six below now," said he, thought-  
fully.

Then, hastily giving some instruc-  
tions to the workmen, he put on his  
coat and hat, took up the lantern  
again, and turned to Uncle William.

"Uncle Bill," said he earnestly, "I've  
been working and waiting a long time  
for this night. Sit still and get warm  
till I come back."

## II.

Dick went straight to Helen Rem-

ington. He knocked on the door soft-  
ly. His heart pounded fiercely.  
"Who is there?" asked a puzzled,  
half-frightened feminine voice through  
the door.

"It's only Dick Russell," he said  
quietly. "There's an important mat-  
ter I must see you about."

Then she opened the door—haugh-  
tily, fearlessly.

"Come into the sitting room, Mr.  
Russell," said the girl frigidly.

"There's to be a big record frost to-  
night," said he, blushing like a girl,  
"and I come to warn you."

"Have you warned the other neigh-  
bors?" she asked quietly.

"No-o. That is, I—I—"  
"Why haven't you?"

"Because I—well—bother it all!" he  
stammered, suddenly getting warm all  
over—"because I thought of you first.  
And I only got the news a few min-  
utes ago. And I couldn't, if I wanted  
to, save all the orchards around here.  
But I can save yours—and my own—  
and Uncle Bill's."

"How?"

"With the gas plant I've been build-  
ing, and—"  
He hesitated, stopped.

"Never mind the details, Mr. Rus-  
sell," she said hurriedly, as she arose  
to her feet; "it is late, and there is  
your own garden to think of. Mine  
must take its chances, as it always  
has done. I thank you—"

"But," interrupted Dick, as he stood



They looked into each other's eyes  
—hesitatingly, incredulously, mute.  
Up and faced her—"but"—he began  
again—"I—I—"

Then a sudden comprehension swept  
through him; he understood her  
strange expression. The words he  
would have said died upon his lips.  
He marched out.

Miss Remington, left alone, took up  
a book and tried to read. But she  
could not.

Looking out in the direction of Dick  
Russell's farm, she saw that his or-  
chard was encompassed and crossed  
by systematic rows of yellow light  
jets, blazing and smoking uncannily in  
the still air.

Then the truth came home to her.  
He was not insane. He was merely  
a genius. He was right; she was  
wrong. He had come to her in manly  
helpfulness, and she had—

The tears came to her eyes. But  
not for long. Hurrying to the hall,  
she put on her heaviest boots and  
warm wraps, and stepped outside. But  
one thought possessed her—to find Mr.  
Russell and ask his forgiveness. The  
rest did not matter.

She found him, as fate would have  
it—alone.

Hearing footsteps, Dick raised his  
head.

"Helen!"

They looked into each other's eyes  
—hesitating, incredulously, mute.  
Words came at last. "I misjudged  
you," she said simply, humbly. That  
was all.

That night Dick "did things"—man-  
ly things, rapid, clever things. He  
hurried Aunt William and the two  
men, Uncle William hurried two  
horses, and the two horses hurried  
load after load of spare iron piping to  
various places on Miss Remington's  
farm. But first, with great joy (and a  
file), Dick cut a wide opening in the  
fence. Under his vigorous strokes  
the wires parted with a vicious, re-  
luctant snap, and the victorious be-  
sieger passed through into the prom-  
ised land.

Quickly and deftly the men began  
coupling the lengths of pipe together,  
while Dick, with one hand almost  
frozen, went back to find his lost mit-  
ten. Finding it, the pipe laying pro-  
gressed with greater rapidity. Soon  
the Remington orchard was encom-  
passed and crossed with lines of black  
tubing laid upon the snow crust, each  
pipe-length pierced in the center with  
a tiny drilled hole.

Ten degrees below zero!

Wearied and cold the men stag-  
gered to the gas house and sank ex-  
hausted on the floor. After a short  
rest Dick consulted the thermometer  
again.

Five below!

"I've done it!" he gasped triumph-  
antly.

As weeks and months went by, the  
wisdom of Dick's foolish idea became  
more and more manifest; and, when  
crop time came, the only orchards  
which bore fruit crops in that village  
were the three farms at Prittlewell.  
Dick's bank account grew prodigious-  
ly. The last remnant of Miss Rem-  
ington's mortgage disappeared.

The breach in fence barrier, once  
open, slowly widened; the sundered  
wires, once parted, refused to reunite.  
The way into paradise remained open.  
One night he asked a question—that  
question which has re-echoed in the  
universe since time began—and Miss  
Remington, blushing, archly said:  
"Yes, Dick."

## OUR OWN PHILOSOPHER.

Some love letters are too soft to file.

A man usually blows in a lot of  
money on a blow-out.

The better a man gets on in the  
world the better off he is.

Stir up a man's wrath if you want  
his candid opinion of you.

With the exception of ballet girls,  
chronic kickers are a nuisance.

A red nose may be due to the rays  
of the sun or to the rays of the glass.

In some business transactions the  
middleman soon becomes the head-  
man.

Many a woman bends a man's will  
during life and breaks it after his  
death.

It is generally understood that a  
man dislikes a slippery pavement  
when he is down on it.

Perhaps the worst thing about  
rheumatism is the apparent necessity  
of listening to everybody's cure for it.

When two men get together each  
talks about himself; when two women  
meet they both talk about some other  
woman.

When a man fails it is owing to cir-  
cumstances past all human control,  
but when he succeeds it is due to his  
personal ability—so he says.

## BITS OF PHILOSOPHY.

Great actions, like great men, ap-  
pear only at intervals.

Great actions, like great men, ap-  
pear only at intervals.

Justice between man and man is  
never a jug-handled affair.

Justice between man and man is  
never a jug-handled affair.

A man may lose his vanity without  
necessarily losing his ambition.

A man may lose his vanity without  
necessarily losing his ambition.

Absolutism and socialism are at the  
opposite ends of the human plane.  
Both may be wisely avoided.

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opposite ends of the human plane.  
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One trouble of life is that men sel-  
dom know they are on the wrong road  
until they reach the end of it.

One trouble of life is that men sel-  
dom know they are on the wrong  
road until they reach the end of it.

Every man has the undoubted right  
to enjoy himself, but not at the ex-  
pense of the rights of his fellow-man.

Every man has the undoubted right  
to enjoy himself, but not at the ex-  
pense of the rights of his fellow-man.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

Memory is the morgue of the Past.

The world never forgives a failure.

Opportunity never waits for people  
to put on dress suits.

It will do no good to advertise and  
offer rewards for lost time.

The mantle of charity is often tied  
with huge bunches of red tape.

Silly people who are cheerful give  
zeal to life. Wiseacres bore us.

It is the wicked people of this life  
who keep our emotions lubricated.

Some marry for love, some for  
money and God only knows what some  
marry for.

Genteel beggary in the name of the  
Lord seems an infallible "get-rich-  
quick" scheme.

The face of a wife is the faithful  
index of a husband's latest and most  
successful work.

The end of matrimony is often a  
little flat.—Kate Tyson Marr, in Mil-  
waukee Sentinel.

## SENTIMENTS OF AUTHORS.

Doubt is brother evil to despair.—  
O'Reilly.

Life has no blessing like a prudent  
friend.—Euripides.

Dishonesty is a forsaking of perma-  
nent for temporary advantages.—Bovee.

Our own heart, and not other men's  
opinion, forms our true honor.—Col-  
eridge.

No man was ever discontented with  
the world if he did his duty in it.—  
Southey.

Modesty seldom resides in a breast  
that is not enriched with nobler vir-  
tues.—Goldsmith.

True enjoyment comes from activity  
of the mind and exercise of the body;  
the two are ever united.—Humboldt.

The brave man wants no charms to  
encourage him to duty, and the good  
man scorns all warnings that would  
deter him from doing it.—Bulwer.

## Our Name

from the very beginning  
our business career has  
been indissolubly connected  
with the very best type of  
Ready-to-Wear Clothing,  
only such fabrics as, after  
the strictest test we know  
will give satisfaction to  
the wearer, enter into the  
makeup of our clothing.

## This Spring's Styles

Better  
Than  
Ever.

Nebraska Clothing Co.

The man who thinks twice before he  
speaks often keeps his mouth shut.

The man who has learned to do  
something better than any one else,  
who has learned to do a common thing  
in an uncommon manner, is the man  
who has a power and influence that no  
adverse surroundings can take from  
him. It is better to show a man how  
to make a place for himself than to  
put him in one that some one else  
has made for him.

The Rising Son is devoted to the  
best interests of our race, a fearless  
advocate of right and fair play. There  
are those in high places who read and  
receive this paper and its benefits who  
think that printers' ink and labor are  
produced by wind and talk. Now, to  
all such we ask you again to pay us  
what you owe. Some of you have  
gained your notoriety through this  
paper. Come and see us with the  
money.

A war has been declared upon these  
immoral leeches who are in the pulpit.  
Where there is a faint suspicion of  
immorality or vice emanating from  
men in high places it would be well to  
investigate and lay the blame where  
it properly belongs for the good of  
the whole.

## IN UNION.